

Jerry's Find.

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN.

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The morning, brilliantly clear, was frosty and cold. Big Jerry Callahan, blowing the tips of his fingers, red from holding the reins of the patient horse that pulled the half empty milk wagon, and contemplating the thought of arguments with angry cooks over the short allowance of milk that the weather imposed, felt his spirits sinking even lower than the mercury. And adding to his depression was the recollection of Kathleen—black eyed, pretty Kathleen—who had chosen to attend the annual ball of the Shamrock society with fat Tim Donnelly. Brass buttons have always attracted the feminine eye, and Tim as he strutted along in his snug fitting blue uniform, twisting his belly, was a fine figure of a man. Callahan admitted that, albeit grudgingly. Yet, despite his good looks there was a something about the policeman which Jerry vaguely distrusted. And Norah had gone to the ball with him.



IT WAS UPON THIS SCENE THAT A SMART LOOKING MAID BURST.

which an irate maid had accused him of filling her bottles from the loose milk can, a subdued whisper caught his attention. On the curb, her white fur edged coat sadly dirty, her chubby face stained with tears, stood a baby, a tiny girl baby of about three years, lost clearly and sobbing softly to herself.

Jerry scratched a puzzled ear. He could hardly leave her there alone. She was too small and helpless for that. Besides, the mite was shivering with fright and cold. Yet his duty was to deliver his milk. And no amount of careful inquiry could elicit more than the fact that her name was Muriel and that she lived on Fifth avenue.

After a moment's consideration he swung her to the seat, wrapping her well in an old blanket. The fat, reassured and happy, cuddled more closely under the friendly shelter and looked up with a trustful smile.

"Muriel's hungry," she announced. When a second bottle of milk had followed the first, affairs began to look grave. Already short on his orders, the loss of two more bottles might involve him in serious trouble. But to fail those confiding blue eyes! Jerry shook his head as he whipped up the old white horse. The baby should not suffer. And he found himself watching the child with a perplexed frown. There was something oddly familiar about the little face, the rippling golden curls.

"Sure 'tis only that all babies do look alike," thought his masculine conclusion. "They're all yellow hair and blue eyes."

Callahan's expectations were fulfilled. The last customers were very angry indeed when their full quota of milk was not forthcoming, and dire were the threats of complaint at headquarters.

"Sure 'tis my job that I may be after losing," reflected Jerry, with a rueful smile at the plumed young person beside him. "But it can't be helped now," a true Irish philosophy coming to his aid. "So here goes for the station house."

In the precinct room the inspector looked up keenly as the Irishman came in, carrying a tired, sleepy bundle. Lost children were common enough, but today excitement had run wild and high.

"I found her this morning early," explained Jerry. "I met her on me road."

"White dress, white coat, pink shoes and stockings," itemized the sergeant rapidly. "It's she, all right. Why couldn't you have turned her in before?" wheeled angrily upon the startled Callahan. "Don't you know there's been the devil to pay about this?"

"Don't I know there's the devil to pay for the three bottles of milk she's drunk on me?" retorted Callahan. "How about that? It's a pity I hadn't left her to be run over by a team or an automobile. I'd have been thanked then, I suppose," with fine sarcasm.

"No talk, please," raved out the sergeant curtly. "Send Donnelly here as soon as he comes in," he added on the telephone. "You wait," to Callahan.

It was a very excited Donnelly that half an hour later rushed into the room, a Donnelly who swore fluently and fast. Detailed specially on the case, for hours he had been scouring the streets in search of a child with white dress, white coat and pink stockings.

"And you to have had her all this time!" was his exasperated ejaculation. "I'm not sure but it'll be abduction that's charged against you. To keep me busy this way!"

"'Twas hard, I admit," agreed Jerry blandly. "It must be an unusual feeling. And whose child is it, then, that you're so keen about it?" curiously.

Tim Donnelly's face changed as though he had suddenly remembered something. With an elaborate appearance of unconcern he leaned forward to take the child from where she still nestled in Jerry's strong arms.

"Oh, sure that could make no difference to you," he said. "I'll not be keeping you any longer. Good morning, Mr. Callahan."

"Good morning," responded Jerry. He had no desire to stop longer. But the baby, now broad awake once more, thought differently. She wanted her nice man; she must have her nice man. And, held by Donnelly, her disapproval found vent in no gentle manner. In vain the sergeant, the matron, sought to interfere. In vain Donnelly strove to soothe, to propitiate, while Jerry stood shifting from foot to foot. Her nice man she wanted; her nice man she would have.

It was upon this scene that a trim, smart looking nursemaid distractedly burst.

"Muriel! Oh, Muriel!" she cried, snatching the baby from Donnelly's arms. "Muriel, dear, are you cold, are you cold, are you hungry? Muriel, Muriel, in deepest reproach, 'why did you run away from poor Kathleen?'"

Jerry, taking in the situation, uttered a smothered gasp. So this was old Stockton's orphan grandchild, the little heiress to his millions and Kathleen's charge. No wonder Donnelly had been so anxious to get him away.

"She ran downstairs from me this morning," explained the fearful Kathleen, "and she must have slipped out under cover of my nose. Sure she might have been killed or hurt. Oh, Mr. Donnelly, how can I ever thank you enough for finding her!" with fervent gratitude.

"'Twas nothing," murmured the complacent Donnelly, "nothing at all." Callahan turned away. Let Donnelly take the credit if he chose. It was all over between himself and Kathleen, anyway. What was the use of saying anything?

But the baby, perceiving his retreat, set up her wail.

"My nice man, my nice man," she stormed again. Jerry, reluctantly avoiding Kathleen's astonished eyes, stood twisting his hat.

"Sure, as Mr. Donnelly says, 'twas nothing," he stammered. "I met her on my rounds this morning."

"An' he wadded me up an' took me to dwelve an' dave me milk," put in the baby girl triumphantly. "He's my nice man, an' I love him. Kiss him, Kathleen."

"You—you found her?" cried the crimsoned Kathleen. "Why—but I thought—I understood," turning swiftly upon the discomfited Donnelly.

"Didn't you say?"

"I said she was here," muttered the mortified policeman. "I telephoned she was found," his flush deepening under Kathleen's eyes.

"Oh," said Kathleen slowly. "Oh," a significant "oh," long and full of meaning. "I see. And it was very kind of you to send word, Mr. Donnelly. I thank you, Jerry."

She moved closer to him, while a mute plea for pardon shone in the soft black eyes.

"Sure 'twas mistaken I've been, Jerry." The note of appeal in the wistful voice gave a far wider meaning to the simple words than their sense implied. "Won't you take us home? I'm sure Mr. Stockton will be wanting to see you?" (Timidly.)

"I go with you, Kathleen, anywhere," was the loyal response.

The sergeant smiled.

"'Tis easy enough to see how it is with them," he commented, turning back to his work. "Well, I hope old Stockton will do something handsome for them."

And after a good scolding to Kathleen old Stockton did.

HOW WE WALK.

The Muscles Used and the Mechanical Work They Do.

The chief muscles concerned in walking are those in the calf and back of the leg, which, by pulling up the heel, also pull up the bones of the foot connected with it, and then the whole body, the weight of which is passed on through the bones of the leg. When walking the trunk is thrown forward so that it would fall down prostrate were not the right foot planted in time to support it.

The calf muscles are helped in this action by those on the front of the trunk and legs, which contract and pull the body forward, and the trunk slanting forward when the heel is raised by the calf muscles, the whole body will be raised and pushed forward and upward. This advancement of each leg is effected partly by muscular action, the muscles used being:

(1) those on the front of the thigh, bending it forward on the pelvis;

(2) the hamstring muscles, which slightly bend the leg on the thigh;

(3) the muscles on the front of the leg, which raise the front of the foot and toes, preventing the latter, in swinging forward, from hitching in the ground.

When one foot has reached the ground the action of the other has not ceased. There is another point in walking. The body is constantly supported and balanced on each leg alternately and therefore on only one at a time; hence there must be some means for throwing the center of gravity over the line of support formed by the bones of each leg, as it supports the weight of the body. This is done in various ways, and hence the difference in the walk of different people. There may be slight rotation at the hip joint, bringing the center of gravity of the body over the foot of this side. This "rocking" motion of the trunk and thigh is accompanied by a movement of the whole trunk and leg over the foot planted on the ground and is accompanied by a compensating outward movement at the hip. The body rises and swings alternately from one side to the other as its center of gravity comes alternately over one or the other leg, and the curvature of the spinal bones is altered with the varying position of the weight. — London Hospital.

TAXATION EPIGRAMS.

Taxation epigrams from an address by Judge Rufus B. Smith of the Cincinnati bar:

Every business organization in the state of Ohio has protested against our present system of taxation.

Speaking with respect for the opinions of those who entertain different views from mine upon this subject, nevertheless, I do not see how anyone can study the system of taxation in Ohio and escape the conclusion that the root of all the evils of the taxation system in Ohio is section 2 of article XII of the constitution, which imposes the general property tax by an ironclad rule upon the people and the legislature.

I contend that the general property tax as applied to intangible property, namely, moneys, credits, mortgages, bonds and stocks in foreign corporations, promissory notes, etc., is practically a double tax, and that if you have a double tax upon capital you have a condition that tends to blight the industrial and commercial life of the community in which it is levied.

The only just way to treat intangible property is either to exempt it, or to levy a small tax upon it, say one-tenth of 1 per cent, in view of the fact that when in the state it receives a certain police protection and in some cases, although not in all, the courts of Ohio are open for the enforcement of rights under it.

But it is said that no one but rich people want this sort of reduction, and the objection runs through the minds of most people that no one holds intangible property but rich people. In the first place, admitting for the sake of the argument that this is true, I do not know why the state should treat the man who is rich unjustly, especially in a Democracy and in a Republic.

Let me say to those gentlemen in the state who have expended their efforts in securing tax reform by seeking to have the tax inquisitor laws repealed and who have given no assistance to the Ohio State Board of Commerce, you are simply wasting your time in trying to defeat tax inquisitor laws. As long as you have our present system of taxation, so long will you have tax inquisitor laws and I hope you will.

TAXATION FOR OHIO.

After giving this subject careful consideration, your committee finds that it can do you no better service than to repeat the conclusion reached in the report of this committee, submitted to your Eleventh Annual Meeting, held December 16-17, 1904:

"Our first and last word to the people of Ohio is, you must amend your constitution on the subject of taxation or you must continue to suffer from the evils of which you complain."

To this we may now add:

You must remove all constitutional obstructions to progress or be outdistanced in the race for industrial and commercial prosperity. — Report of "Committee on Taxation" of Ohio State Board of Commerce.

INDICATES PROSPERITY

During the tax year 1906 the receipts of public service corporations in Ohio increased nearly 20 per cent, as compared with the corresponding period of 1905. They increased from \$11,420,581 to \$26,274,400. This includes railroads, electric lines, gas and water companies, telegraph and telephone companies and all other kinds of transportation companies.

The remarkable indication of business growth was given a few days ago in figures made public by Auditor of State W. D. Culbert of the amount of excise tax collected by the state from these corporations. As the tax amounts to 1 per cent of the gross receipts it turned \$2,652,704 into the state treasury last year. The tax gain was \$238,297.19. The money was contributed from corporations under the different classifications as follows:

Artificial gas companies, \$4,429.11; natural gas companies, \$1,629.45; waterworks companies, \$7,019.98; electric light companies, \$24,272.56; messenger and signal companies, \$2,573.43; pipe line companies, \$59,780.50; telegraph companies, \$3,025.82; telephone companies, \$2,032.65; water transportation companies, \$1,757.16; express companies, \$16,648.92; street, suburban and electric railway companies, \$254,464.34; railroad companies (except), \$1,384,840.00; Pullman company, \$8,198.12; freight line and equipment companies, \$8,321.40.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT ILLINOIS CONSTITUTION.

A resolution is pending before the Illinois legislature, proposing this amendment to the revenue article of the constitution:

The power of taxation shall never be surrendered, suspended or contracted away. Taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected for public purposes only. Provided, that the General Assembly may vest the corporate authorities of cities, towns and villages, towns and villages with power to make local improvements by special assessments, or by special taxation of contiguous property, or otherwise.

The general Assembly shall not impose taxes upon municipal corporations, or the inhabitants or property thereof, for corporate purposes, but shall require that all the taxable property within the limits of municipal corporations shall be taxed for the payment of debts contracted under authority of law; such taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects within the territorial limits of the authority imposing the same. Private property shall not be liable to be taken or sold for the payment of the corporate debts of a municipal corporation.

Family Greetings.

A countryman meeting a pretty peasant woman leading a donkey said in passing, "Good day, mother of the donkeys."

"Good day, my most beloved son," was the instant reply.—Il Diavolo Rosa.

An Insultation Feared.

Clergyman—Madam, you must be consoled with the thought that your husband is at rest.

Widow—Do you mean that he didn't have any before he died?—New Orleans Times Democrat.

DINGENDIEFER TALKS.

Concludes That Companies Are Preferable to Cities.

When a Newspaper Criticizes a Company It Yields "Quicker Than You Can Say Jack Robinson," but City Authorities Feel Secure In Their Places and Do Nothing.

It will be remembered that some nine or ten months ago Mr. Dingendiefer burst from the obscurity, in which, as a simple electrician, he was in the orchestra of a Manhattan theater, he had been developed and flashed upon the Brooklyn public as a redeemer of its right to cross the Brooklyn bridge at night without clambering up and down the long, iron, some flights of stairs leading to and from the elevated structures.

In other words, it was Mr. Dingendiefer who, through the columns of the Eagle, made it clear to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company that the discontinued night service of trolleys across the bridge ought to be resumed. It was in this page of history that Mr. Dingendiefer alluded in the following remarks which he made concerning municipal ownership of public utilities:

"I think we soon pretty good lessons already got about dot moonlighted owners' shanties. Ain't you think so, yes? Ven dey didn't run dem drolley cars at der Brooklyn bridge by der night-time last winter, all ve got to done is to say soundings on der Eagle newspaper, and right away quick der Brooklyn Rapid Transit company schmidt dem running. Und since dot time ve didn't got no troubles like dot soon move. All vot der gombany wants to know is dot der peobles wouldn't schmidt dot soon longer, and dey got soch a move by dem dot you couldn't say 'Jack Robinson' vlist."

"But vot is it ven der city own dot railroads? I bed you dot's a good deal difference. Der brivate gombany vat is got der money invested by dot railroads couldn't affords to make der people soch a mad; meppe der people rise op and say dey gif soom older gombany dot franchises or somedings like dot. But ven der city owns dot railroad eberybody vot rids it ain't got soom of his own money invested in it, so he wouldn't care vot der peobles said. He run der railroads most der same way vot he want to."

"Soom peobles said dot der holdidians would been more afraid of der peobles as der brivate gombany, but dot is a foolishness. Der holdidians got nodings to lose and der brivate gombany got eberydings. Oof der holdidians was afraid of der peobles, how is it dot dey don't go ahead right away quick and built dot elevated loop by Dotmeyer street? Don't der peobles want dot? Und don't der holdidians know dot der peobles want dot? Sure dey know dot, but dey don't care somedings about it. Meppes dey gets more money on der peobles ven dey don't built dot loop. I bed you oof dot vas left vor soom brivate gombany to daps and der holdidians get nodings to do about it. Und dot loop would be built already yet und ve wouldn't get soch a crowdings by der Brooklyn bridge nefer soom more."

"Effer time ven I dinks about dot moonlighted ownership I dinks about dot Manhattan bridge, vot der peobles would been valking ofer by dis time oof it was der briverdery of soom brivate corporation. Ain't you dink so? No? Yes?—Brooklyn Eagle."

Marshals Seize Light Plant.

A United States marshal has seized the electric light plant belonging to the borough of Park Ridge, N. J., in execution of a judgment for \$6,051.96, which was obtained in the United States circuit court by the engineering firm which installed the plant. The power was to have been run by water, but has not been a success. The builders claim that this is due to inadequate power and not to improper installation, as claimed by the borough authorities, and the decision apparently supports their claim. The situation is a serious one, as the borough is small, and the plant cannot be operated advantageously until a large additional expenditure has been made.

Checks Private Enterprise.

Socialism in itself has been clearly proved to be an evil, because it deprives every human being of ordinary human rights.

Government ownership of semipublic utilities is Socialism, but only a fraction part of it.

There is evil and oppression in it, as it stops the spirit of private enterprise. A stoppage of human, individual effort is the effect of government ownership, even in part.—Philadelphia Item.

A Condition, Not a Theory.

The vigorous advocate of the plan of municipal ownership and control must base his arguments regarding honest and economical management upon the absolute morality of political "cheaters," and as he cannot be morally honest in such advocacy he cannot reasonably expect the people to exercise great faith in his theories. It is not what men might do or could do. It is what they do that is impressive.—Cleveland News.

Broadening Influence of Public Life.

"It broadens one's horizon, so to speak, does it not," inquired the man who was studying municipal conditions, "to serve the city in the capacity of alderman?"

"I don't know about that," answered the other man, "but I have noticed that it generally broadens his equator."—Exchange.

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